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A MODEST APOLOGY FOR Parson ALBERONI,

GOVERNOR TO

King PHILIP, a Minor;

AND

Universal Curate

Of the whole

Spaniſh MONARCHY:

THE

Whole being a ſhort, but unanſwerable Defence of *Prieſtcraft*, and a *New* Confutation of the Biſhop of *Bangor*.

Nam & veſtis ſub illa
Sæpe latuit ſeva truculenta mente Tyrannis,
Sæpe Lupa, lurcaq; vorax, & fœda Adulter,
Et ſimulatus Amor, fallaxq; Modeſtia vultus,
Quæ tegit in numerus ſub orbillo vellera Frandis.

Buchan.

The Tenth Edition.

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PREFACE.

AS *the Characters and Deſcriptions in this little Treatiſe are intended for a Picture of* one Set of Men *only, who have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves as much by their uncommon Practices and Poſitions, as I have done by this uncommon Apology, I may reaſonably hope that* none will rail at it, who are not hit by it. *Therefore if any Gentlemen pleaſe to take it ill that I have publiſh'd* their Pourtraitures, *I am ready to thank them: Their Anger will be my Defence; and it will be ſufficient, for the Juſtification of my Copy, that* there are really ſuch Originals. *They have long ſat for their Picture, and the Features are ſo ſtrong and obvious, that it was ſcarce poſſible to miſs them. If they appear frightful, now they are drawn, the Fault is not in* me.

How amiable is the Character of a Clergyman, when it is not ſtain'd by the Wearer!—And every good Man will honour that Miniſter who does not diſhonour himſelf. That there are ſtill many ſuch, is my Pleaſure, that there are not more, is my Concern.

I added an Explanation of this Kind by way of Poſtſcript to the ſecond Edition, and have prefix'd it as a Preface to the others. It may be neceſſary to the Wilful and the Weak.

The Gueſſes which have been made about the Author, give me Occaſion to declare to the World, that my Name never yet was in Print.

A MODEST APOLOGY FOR Parſon *Alberoni*, &c.

IT is ſurprizing what ſublime Conſequences are produced by the humbleſt Inſtruments. One would think that Braſs is a Metal void of Comlineſs and Merit, either in Colour or Smell; and yet a ſuitable Portion of it, placed conveniently upon the *Forehead*, does frequently entitle *the Bearer* to the higheſt Stations in Church and State. It often makes a *bold Figure* at the Head of a Regiment, and often *commands* Attention at the Council-Table. In *Weſtminſter-Hall* it is loud, and *therefore* ſucceſsful; and, in Parliament popular and perſwaſive, *for the ſame Reaſon*. And then again, if you take it in another Capacity, it ſtill carries all before it. *Thomas à Becket* was Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, as have been ſince ſeveral

veral other good Doctors of *equal* Meekneſs and Merit, whom my fear of giving *Offence* keeps me from mentioning; and at this very Time, a certain *Apoſtolical* Gentleman, who ſhall alſo be nameleſs, is *Cardinal* of a great Church betwixt *Newgate* and *Tyburn*.

O Catholick Braſs, manifold are thy Virtues! I admire thy Intereſt, tho' I never felt thy Friendſhip; an obſtinate Fellow, one *Modeſty* by Name, never ſuffering me to take Acquaintance with thee. Thou fortunate Favourite of the Court and the Caſſocks, many a fair Lady haſt thou won, and many a fair Poſt enjoy'd! Powerful alſo is thy Force in Argument: How invincibly haſt thou ſupported the Divine Right of Kings and Clergy, their *unbroken* Succeſſion, and *unlimitted* Power, to the utter Confuſion of *common Senſe*, and the *Biſhop of Bangor!*

But to proceed with the mighty Events that ariſe from *contemptible* Cauſes; every Body has heard that the famous Sir *John Whittington*, at his firſt ſetting out in the World, had no greater Cargo than a homely *Tabby Cat*, and ſhe too, like other *mortal* Merchandize, ſubject to *Tare* and *Tret*. But ſhe proved a *mighty Hunter*, and, by her Teeth and Reputation, promoted her *Fellow Traveller* to the *chief* Poſt in the *chief* City. And thus, to draw a Moral from the Story, *The Deſtruction of Rats became the Generation of a Knight and a Lord Mayor.*

I have heard, in foreign Countries, of a fleſhy headed *Chamber-Maid*, who from *pinning her Miſtreſs's Rump*, got aſtride *three Nations*, and rode them almoſt out of Breath; for ſhe was *Corpulent*, and, for the moſt part, had a *Spur in her Head*.

Even the great *Virgil* became a Courtier by being a Farrier; and a *Tapster* has been the Elements of an *Ambassador*.

Arts and Sciences themselves have had their Birth from trivial Chance. Musick, as sweet a Girl as she is, had a dirty Anvil for her Mother, and a base born Hammer for her Father, and was midwif'd into the World by a sooty Blacksmith. And Astrology derives its Genealogy from Cow-keeping, the *Chaldean* Herdsmen having, while they look'd after their Flocks, *grown familiar with the Stars*. Thus *Venus* had her Water first watched by Rusticks, who, one would think, could have neither *sufficient Breeding*, *nor Capacity* for Pimping — but the *most elegant Arts* were rude in their Beginnings.

A *Friar*, whilst he was boiling up a Balsam for a broken Shin, stumbled upon the Generation of Gun-Powder, which was therefore conceived in the *Womb* of a Gally-pot, made *pregnant* by a *Priest*.

The great *Pope Sixtus* the Fifth ow'd his triple Crown to the keeping of Pigs, and from a mean Swine-Herd mounted till he came to be Chief of *another Herd*; still preserving *an Analogy between his first and last Employment*.

The great *Tompion* had never made Watches, had he not first made Hob-Nails.

All this *Waste* of Learning, which, *in other Hands*, might fill many Books, may serve to introduce the Manner and Motive by which I came to be an Author. Know then, *Curious Reader*, that a Stationer in the City having, last Week, *trusted me* with an *Inkhorn* and the Appurtenances, I began immediately to make Use of it, and upon a tryal of my Genius, I found I could make as good a Figure in print as some

other

other famous Writers, whose Merit is *best* known to *themselves*.

My first Attempt was upon the Witty and Voluminous Mr. *Mist*, the Journalist, because I would begin with *something signal* at my first setting out. I found his Paper, after much search, in a blind Ale-House, near *Hockly in the Hole*. Having met my Rival for Fame, instantly I *drew* my *Pen*, and by several *bold Strokes* upon *his Margin*, discover'd plainly that *Sense and Modesty* were not *his Seconds*, for they both proved *mine*. But for all this dreadful Enmity between us, I will candidly own that the *Jews*, for whom he lately drew up an *inimitable* Petition, have almost as good a Title as himself to *one sort of Advancement in a Christian Commonwealth*. My Antagonist would certainly fill a particular *tall Post*, which is empty *oftner than it should be*, with *becoming Merit and Justice*. But see, how these Parsons run away with *Preferments* from the Laity! This very Post is, I am told, confer'd, *for the present*, upon a *genuine Son of the Church*, who has *conscientiously deserved* it.

Behold, *kind Reader*, A *true and full Account* of the *Origination* of this admirable Pamphlet. If Heaven spare me my Life and my Inkhorn, it is likely I may swell into Volumes, as divers and sundry *useful Writers* have done for no better Reason.

Having thus succeeded beyond Expectation in my first Essay, I am emboldened thereby to an Undertaking equal, if possible, to my last, and from the Defence of Mr. *Mist*, I intend to pass, perhaps plausibly enough, to an Apology for the Reverend *Parson Alberoni*, who, by the high Station he enjoys, *of Vice-Roy over the King of*

Spain,

Spain, is become the Mark of much unreasonable Envy. This Task of mine will lead me to open and justify the Grounds and commendable Aims of the *flourishing Trade of Priestcraft*, for which I promise my self the pious Thanks of the Convocation, *the next Time it sits*.

I hope I shall need no Excuse for the sharp Things which my Zeal for the *Church* and the *Cardinal* will tempt me to utter.

As to the trifling Charge against *my Client*, that he has *commended his Pupil*, to break through Faith and Treaties, and surprize his Neighbours, tho' it be very true, there is *Nothing at all in it*. I behold with Shame the Ignorance of Mankind as *to what passes daily amongst us*. Do we not all know that Oaths and Obligations, when they are so saucy as to fetter the *Catholick Pleasure or Profit* of the Clergy, are ever broken through by *the whole Body*, with great *Fortitude and Unanimity*? Nor is there any Malignity in this *convenient* Piece of Wickedness; for the most damnable Sin ceases to be so, *as soon as the Priest has unchristen'd it*, and sucked out its Venom with *a Salvo*: When he has done this, as a godly Casuist finely observes, *Licet ante peccaverint, jam non peccant*: That is, *The most gross Sinners are now innocent, being undamned by the Priest*.

This ought to be meant of the Laity; for as to the Clergy, who are the *avowed Porters of Heaven*, and *Comptrollers* of its Power and Keys, and Treasurers of its Wrath and Mercies, I cannot conceive they should be at any Time in an unsanctified State, *let them do what they will*. To us indeed, who being Laymen, and only the *Beasts of the People*, see no further than the Externals of Things, a Parson may appear *a very sad Fellow*, and tainted with that which, *in one of*

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another Cloth, might ſeem great Lewdneſs. But alas! they have an *indelible Character* which conſecrates all their Actions, and is the *ſpiritual Salt that keeps the Corruptions of the Clergy from ſtinking.*

It may perhaps be not unbecoming my preſent Deſign, to enquire a little in what Nook or Quarter of the Prieſt this *indelible Character*, convey'd by Ordination, lurks; and I think it is evident it cannot lodge in the Caſſock or Habit, ſince the ſame has been often worn by *Lay-Girls*, who being only Companions to the *holy Prieſts in their Labours and Exerciſes*, could not pretend to take Orders, or be ever *inſtituted and inducted.*

Nor can this *eſſential and unalterable Spot* reſide in the Carcaſs of the Prieſt. For when a Levite has been *maliciouſly toſſed off a Beam*, and expir'd *for want of footing*, or died a *natural Death of Debauchery*, or in any other manner *worthy of himſelf*, it has never been known that the ſaid Carcaſs *forgave Sins*, or executed any *other Branch* of the *Eccleſiaſtical Office.* For it is remarkable, that, *when a Parſon is dead*, he lyes as quiet and peaceable as *another Body*, which is a Confutation of a Point generally believ'd, namely, That a Prieſt is *never a good Neighbour.*

I would not have it alledged that the above-named *Stain of Prieſthood*, ſticks, like Bird-Lime, to the Soul of the Doctor, when the ſame has given his Body the Slip, or that he keeps *his Orders when he has loſt his Organs.* Profane Wits will make a Jeſt of a *Ghoſt in Orders*, and, *looking upwards*, be ſurpriz'd to find a *Prieſt in a Place where no one would expect him.* But let ſuch a Scoffer be anſwerable for his own Mirth, I am ſure I have *a very good Meaning.*

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However, tho' this *indelible Character* muſt for ever remain a *profound Myſtery to me, who am but an uncircumcis'd Lay-man*, and tho' I am in *Duty bound to know what I cannot underſtand*; I have ſtill ſomething further to ſay in Defence of my favourite *Cardinal*, his leaping over Oaths, which, as I have already prov'd, *cannot* tye down a *Church-Man*.

Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, beſides his taking and tendering Oaths with an *&c.* which *ſome weak fanatical Miniſters* would not ſwallow, and were therefore, like ſilly Fellows, unworthy *of their Cloth and Order*, undone becauſe they would not be forſworn; I ſay, beſides this Eſſay of his Perjury for the Good of himſelf and the Church, *He and the King* obliged the Clergy of *Scotland* to ſwear to a *Canonical Conformity* to a Liturgy, a Year before it was made. And I have read of a Monarch, *a Glorious Church-Man*, for whom, *once a Year*, many godly Revilings and Falſehoods are utter'd, and many Handkerchiefs wet, who, beſides *many* other Inſtances of his Sincerity and Devotion, ſwore to the Eſpouſals of one Lady, while he was engag'd *by Heart and Hand* to another whom he afterwards married.

What I would from hence infer in Favour of my Client, is, that if a Popiſh Prince and a Popiſh Prieſt have as good a Right to be forſworn as an *Engliſh Catholick Prince, and an* Engliſh *Catholick Prieſt*, the Cardinal and his Pupil ſtand juſtified.

You muſt own, Reader, a Monopoly of Perjury is not publick Spirited — I do not indeed envy any of our own Clergy *their full Share*, who may have been *trading that way*; but to engroſs the *whole Commodity* would be *unfair Trafficking*.

But to go on with my Apology, —— *Kings are accountable to none but God, and the Prieſts to none but themſelves.* As this Principle is exactly agreeable to the Pretenſions and Practices of the *Church* in all Ages, I would be glad to ſee that daring Infidel who calls it in Queſtion. The *Lay-World* may make Oaths, and take them, but ſo long as their Force depends upon the Pleaſure and Explications of the Clergy, they will be but of ſmall Service to Mankind. I will vouch for the Prieſts, that they always ſcorn'd to be barr'd by the trifling Regards of Conſcience and Swearing, from the *more catholick Purſuits of their Pleaſure and Power*; and Hiſtory, both antient and modern, will vouch for *me*. I will give Inſtances.

When the Prince is hard hearted enough to humour the Church-Men, by oppreſſing and plundering the Laity, and politick enough to divide the Spoils with *them*, then it is Damnation to reſiſt him, becauſe he has a Divine Right to be Miſchievous to all Men but themſelves: But if his Majeſty is ſo ill advis'd, as to provoke their Rage by his Benevolence to Mankind; or, if by a ſchiſmatical Adherence to Truth and Liberty, he fruſtrate their Hopes of making him a *good Church-Man*, the Church grows preſently in imminent Danger from Virtue and Moderation, who are *notorious Diſſenters from Orthodoxy*, then it is little better than Damnation not to reſiſt him, *and Woes are denounced againſt the fearful Heart and the weak Hand.*

As to his preſent Majeſty, there are thoſe of the Clergy, who have *forſworn* to be true and faithful to him, over and over, and yet do not ſo much as pretend they mean any ſuch Matter. They ſay they muſt ſwear or ſtarve,

which

which is a Confeſſion that they would rather be damned than faſt. What a Tribe of Simpletons were the Martyrs in all Ages! their *heterodox Notions* made them erroneouſly prefer their Souls to their Bellies, and even to their Lives — And yet they had a ſtronger Plea for conforming to Idolatry and Perjury, as Death and Tortures are ſomewhat more frightful than bare Deprivation — But now a-days, by *univerſal Conſent*, Tithes bear a higher Price than Conſcience *in any Market in* England.

In *Edward* the Sixth's Time, the Clergy, to ſhew themſelves true Conformiſts, forſook their Harlots and the Maſs, and were, to appearance, reconcil'd to *one Woman*, and the New Teſtament. In Queen *Mary*'s Reign they abandon'd the Goſpel and their Wives, and re-became *Orthodox Catholicks*, and to prove it, grew godly Burners of all that had either a Conſcience or a Bible. Upon Queen *Elizabeth*'s Acceſſion to the Throne, they once more, like *conformable Friends to themſelves*, forſwore and complied, and afterwards plotted and rebell'd. But her Reign proved long and glorious. And indeed ſome, who have not that Reverence for the Gown, which they ought to have, are of Opinion, that it is a certain Symptom of happy Times, when the Prieſts run mad and cabal; for, ſay they, while the People are ſuffer'd to enjoy their own, the Clergy can have no Plunder; whereas, in a general Oppreſſion, the Prince and Prieſts generally divide Stakes — They add, That Wolves and Ravens never fare *beſt* but where there are moſt Carcaſſes. But theſe Things ought not to be ſpoken, and,

I wonder how any Man in his Senſes dare ſay ſuch diſreſpectful Things of the *Officers of*

God Almighty's Revenue, who alſo are a Board of Commiſſioners for managing his Power, or rather their own Power, by *his Miniſtration*.

In the Buſineſs of Excommunication, for Inſtance, do we not ſee their Maker is *made* little better than their Executioner? He is *oblig'd* not only to ratify their Sentence, but to deliver the Perſon excommunicate into the ſafe Cuſtody of Satan, their Goaler in *Comitatu Hell*. The Priſoner the while, not finding himſelf a bit reſtrain'd by his *crediting* Landlord, *the Devil*, goes to the Court, and for a little Money is abſolved, be his Crime what it will, and this Sentence alſo *muſt* be ratified in Heaven, and the former unratified; and the great God, as if he were the Conſtable of the Court, *muſt* take the Priſoner out of a Goal where he never was, and from the Cuſtody of a Goaler, whom he never ſaw, and re-inſtate him in a Church which perhaps he never own'd. Thus is the Creator of all Things, and the Giver of all Good, made the Inſtrument of their Anger and Avarice, and a Property to bring them Reverence and Money.

Theſe Things are not at all aggravated here, and yet the bare mention of them may ſeem to expoſe them; but I mean no more by it than to ſhew the *wonderful and inconceiveable Power of the Prieſthood*, who are as *implicitly obey'd in Heaven, as they ought to be on Earth*, and have the upper and infernal World as much in their Gift, as he has, who is the Maker of both; nay much more, for, as a Reverend Doctor of *our Church* has it, *he has given them his Commiſſion to diſpoſe of them, and he cannot contradict himſelf*. They will not allow the King of Kings the *common Prerogative* of pardoning a *poor Felon*, once in a Seſſions, without *their* conſent, and then he *muſt not* be

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Puniſhed. How great and awful muſt theſe Men be, who are thus *abſolute over the Abſolute*, and *Kings of the King of Kings!* This may perhaps ſeem to repreſent them as no Friends to Monarchy, but this cannot be imagin'd, ſince they themſelves are the Monarchs of God and Men.

After all this Omnipotence, which I have proved to be in the Clergy, where is the need of believing in any *other* God, or of living as if there was one? No, no, if you would be *abſolved and ſaved, believe in the Prieſt, and live in the fear of the Caſſock.* What can be more handy than our having a Forgiver, and a Saviour in every Pariſh, beſides *Deputy-Pardonners*, and *Journey-men-Saviours?*

There is indeed an antient Treatiſe named *Scripture*, which, *if we give any Credit to it*, would be apt to ſtagger this our Faith in the Clergy. It was of great Repute at the Reformation by a few Doctors, who, not knowing their own Power, baſely ſacrific'd the Intereſt of the Surplice to that of Chriſtianity. But their Succeſſors, wiſer than theſe old Fellows, and better *Church-Men*, finding that the ſaid Book was pragmatical, and would be oppoſing the Policy and Proceedings of their Society, tranſlated all the Reverence, which was formerly paid to that venerable old Book, to a Book of Canons, compos'd on purpoſe, as a *Rival* to bring the other under diſgrace, inſomuch that it is now for the moſt part condemned to the mean Office of teaching Children to read. A certain *modern Biſhop* has indeed done his *malicious part* to reſtore it to its *priſtine* Regard and Dignity, but as he is *zealouſly* oppoſed by all the *truly Orthodox*, it is hop'd *by many* he will not ſucceed.

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Commend me to the *German* Monk whom I have ſeen mentioned ſomewhere, I think, by Monſieur *Le Clerc*. This *genuine Prieſt*, faithful to the Intereſt of his Order, told his Penitents, in the godlineſs of his Zeal, *That there was a certain Book writ in* Greek, *call'd the New Teſtament, which was full of Hereſies; and another certain Book, writ in* Hebrew, *called the Old Teſtament, which, if they believed it, would make them all* Jews.

I would recommend the Example of this Monk to our *own Monks*, but they have ſaved me the trouble.

There is an Outcry in the Mouths of too many of the Laity againſt the Clergy, which I think is very unreaſonable; they accuſe them of an implacable Enmity to Knowledge and Illumination; which is very true and yet very juſt. How often muſt theſe perverſe Men be told, That *Learning and Eyes* in the Laity are the greateſt Cauſes of the Contempt of the Clergy? Why ſhould we be inquiring into Points which ought only to be believed thoroughly, but never underſtood nor conceived? It ought to ſuffice us to know that the Prieſts know all Things. This might at firſt have prevented Diſſenters, and ought now to reclaim them. If we did but humbly and lazily follow our Guides, it would ſave us much trouble, and yet put them to *none*.

Beſides, this Charge is too general; for they are always willing we ſhould read and underſtand *thoſe few Texts* that ſpeak civilly of the Prieſthood, and wiſh, no doubt, there were more of them. Nay, now and then they are ſo courteous as to ſplit a Verſe in the Bible with us, and, keeping one half to themſelves, give us generouſly the other. For Example, *Be wiſe*

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as Serpents, and innocent as Doves, is a Text they ſeem very ready to divide with us. The Harmleſneſs of the Pidgeon is at our Service, but we muſt not pretend to rob them of the *Serpent.*

The cunningeſt Serpent that ever was, I mean the Devil in *Milton*, compaſs'd the Earth by Night, and could not endure the *enlightned Side* of the Globe.

The Space of ſeven continued Nights he rode
In Darkneſs —

How agreeable the Policy of the *Arch-Fiend* is to the *other Gentlemen in Black*, I need not explain. — Without Doubt the *Wiſdom and good Parts*, even of the Devil, are imitable. Who can blame them for hiding Deformities and cloven Feet? Should Knowledge and the Scriptures be let looſe againſt the Clergy, what dreadful Havock would they make! Theſe *mercileſs Informers* would make their Reputation to be only *Daub* and *Varniſh*; and their Wealth, only *Booty and Plunder*: For what would not two ſuch *bold Libertines* ſwear? Can we blame Men for warding againſt their mortal Foes.

For the Safety therefore of the Parſons, in their Fortunes and Characters, I will conſult my *intimate Friends*, *the Two Houſes*, about ſtopping the Mouth of the Bible, and the Biſhop of *Bangor*. This, I hope, my *Friends* will comply with, for I know they love to *do popular Things*, and will be proud *to pleaſe the Convocation.*

I have been long thinking of a Project to reconcile Religion and the Church to each other. They were *originally intimate Friends*, but at preſent they live *at mortal Odds.*

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I would not ſay one Word, upon any Conſideration, to perſwade the Clergy to give Chriſtianity the upper Hand of their Intereſt, for I love them too well to affront them: neither would I have them affright themſelves with my *reconciling Deſign* above-mention'd, for I have given it over as *utterly impracticable*: But as I am their Friend and Apologiſt, I beg leave to recommend to them the Removal of a few unpopular Qualities and Practices, of which they are fond. And

Firſt, I would adviſe them to conceal that *unprofitable* Propenſity which is in them, to burn or ſtrangle Diſſenters. Perſecution is certainly a laudable Calling, *when any Thing is to be got by it*; and in ſuch a Caſe, I am not for robbing the Clergy of *their Dues*, but at preſent there is neither Gain nor Credit in it: And therefore, I beſeech them, as they love themſelves, which is the ſtrongeſt Motive my Invention can dictate, to baniſh this *Pennyleſs-Spirit*: The Malignity of the Times has deprived them of the Power of doing *Catholick Miſchief and Murder for the Welfare of the Church.*

In order to perſwade them effectually to cloſe with this my Advice, I pray the Clergy not to judge of other Mens Conſciences by their own. It would be really whimſical, in a few Men, *who are void of Hearing*, to ſet up for *adjuſting or reſtraining the Laws of Harmony.* The Pleaſure of Procreation is Greek *and* Hebrew *to an Eunuch*; and indeed *to a Creature that is gelt, Liberty of Cod-piece muſt have a very odd Sound.*

Another Point which ſeems wrong in them, is their ſtiling themſelves the *Ambaſſadors of a great Potentate*, who, I am afraid, *will not own them.* We all know *their Inſtructions*, as well

as they would keep them, and I fear me, were they examin'd by them, like many *other Statesmen*, they would be found *too great to be good*. Should the late Earl of *Mar*, who hath given ſome ſhrewd Suſpicions of his being for the Pretender, take it in his Head to call himſelf *King* George's *Ambaſſador*, would not his Practices, *in ſome ſmall Meaſure*, bring in Queſtion his Profeſſions? The Application is eaſie; it is only ſuppoſing the Devil a Pretender to the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is, in a certain Dioceſs of this Nation, a Living, worth about Six Hundred Pounds a Year. This, and two or three more Preferments, maintain *the Doctor* in *becoming Eaſe* and *Corpulency*. He keeps a Chariot in Town, and a Journey-Man in the Country; and his Curate and his Coach-Horſes are his *equal Drudges*, ſaving that the *four Legg'd Cattle* are better fed, and have *ſleeker Caſſacks* than his *Spiritual Drag-Horſe*. The Doctor goes down once a Year to *ſheer his Flock*, and fill his Pockets, or, in other Words, to receive *the Wages of his Embaſſy*; and then, ſometimes in an Afternoon, if his Belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchſafes to mount the Pulpit, and to inſtruct his People in the Greatneſs of his Character and his Dulneſs. This compoſes the whole Pariſh to *Reſt*; but the Doctor one Day denouncing himſelf *the Lord's Ambaſſador* with greater Fire and Loudneſs than could have been reaſonably expected from *him*, it rouz'd a Clown of the Congregation, who wak'd his next Neighbour, with—*Do'ſt hear, Tom, do'ſt hear?* Ay, ſays *Tom*, yawning, what does he ſay? *Say*, anſwered t'other, *he ſays a plague Lye to be ſure; he ſays as how he is the Lord's Ambaſſador*; But I do think he is

more rather *the Lord's Receiver-General*, for he never comes but to take Money.

Six Hundred Pounds a Year is, *modeſtly ſpeaking*, a competent Fee for lulling the largeſt Congregation in *England* aſleep once in a Twelve Month.—Such Tithes are the *Price of Napping*, and ſuch mighty Odds there are between a *Curtain-Lecture* and a *Cuſhion-Lecture*.

The next Piece of Counſel I would give *my Friends in Black*, is, that when they are caught in a ſmall Crime, or ſo, they would not always be throwing the Blame upon a Couple of civil Perſons and good Neighbours, called *Fleſh and Blood*; it is not ſatisfactory. A Bear when he is hungry, may eat up a good Chriſtian, and give as *ſtrong* a Reaſon for it.—No, let them Sin as they Preach, and ſcorn to tell us *why or wherefore*.

Their Ambition, of being ſuch *near Kinſmen* to the *Apoſtles*, has likewiſe done them a Diskindneſs. A Prieſt may be a boon Companion, and an *admirable Church-man*, and yet not be a Bit like *his Couſin St.* Paul. It is therefore for the Honour of the Clergy, that I would have them drop their Alliance with the Saints: People will be making *ſhameful Compariſons*, in which the Gown, I doubt, will ſuffer; for know all Men, *by theſe Preſents*, that Railing at the Government, and Undermining it, and the Contempt of Temperance, and Oaths, with other Modes that are now Orthodox, were not *Apoſtolical Vertues* in *former Days*: And whereas Humility, Meekneſs, Patience, brotherly Love and Charity, are, at this Day, every Mother's Son of them, *Diſſenters and Schiſmatics*, the ſame were in ſome ſmall Repute many Hundred Years ago. But what is that to our *preſent Apoſtles*?

I often amuſe my ſelf with conſidering the Greatneſs and Multiplicity of the Characters belonging to the *Orthodox* Clergy. The meaneſt Reader of them is a Kinſman to the Apoſtles, and our Saviour's Lieutenant, and Door-Keeper of Heaven and Hell, and the Creator of Chriſtians, and the Forgiver of Sins, and a Trumpeter, and a Watchman, and a Journey-man, and— (I am out of Breath) an Ambaſſador.

But as great Men as they are, it is hard, methinks, that an honeſt Lay-Man, when he dies, cannot ſtep *up Stairs*, without a Ticket from an Ambaſſador, who is perhaps a Bed, or out of Humour, or taking his Bottle or *his Girl*, and the like.

My Friends, the Ambaſſadors have another Cuſtom too, which ſavours not ſo much of the *Serpent as it ought to do*. A Man cannot grow eminent for his Knowledge and Writings, but forthwith the Ambaſſadors grow fearful of him, and cry *Atheiſt* at him. This I would pray them to forbear. I own I have my own Ends in giving them this wholeſome Admonition; for, to tell it to my *dear Friend, the World*, as a Secret, which I deſire may go no further, I begin my ſelf to be *more* than apprehenſive of the Charge of *Atheiſm* againſt me.

The Church-Men have, moreover, found it for their Intereſt, Time out Mind, that moſt of their Foes ſhould drink a Bumper to *Beelzebub* next their Heart every Morning. Now, I declare I am not at all acquainted with the Devil, and I deſire the Ambaſſadors, if he ſhould tell them the contrary, not to credit him; for, what-ever they may think of it, he's a ſad lying Fellow.

Mr. *Lock*, I grant, gave them ſufficient Cauſe to abuſe him, by his *ſpeaking well of human Underſtanding*, and *explaining the Scriptures*. But for my ſelf, I vow and proteſt, *upon the Word of an Author*, I never yet did the Clergy the *leaſt ill Office*, by teaching Mankind either Reaſon or Religion: I confeſs, I love them both well enough to merit the *Character of an Infidel*, but I keep my Affection to Piety and Truth, to my ſelf, for fear of provoking the *Ambaſſadors*; *they being engaged in another Intereſt*.

I, who am their Apologiſt, muſt own, it is not without Reaſon they look aſquint upon Humanity, and uſeful Knowledge, and Moderation, and the like *Lay-Vertues*. A Man that *wants Legs*, would certainly think himſelf inſulted and reproached, ſhould a pragmatical Fellow take it in his Head to *be dancing and cutting Capers before him*. Folks that *have no Teeth, do not love Cruſt*.

But notwithſtanding all theſe friendly Conceſſions of mine in Favour of the *Ambaſſadors*, I muſt ſtill pray them, for the future, to keep *their Atheiſm* to themſelves, tho' *they may have a great deal of it to ſpare*. For, while there are yet a *few* left, who make bold to believe there is *another God beſides the Clergy*, an Adherence to Scripture and common Senſe will not fail to be approved by *many*, and would be by *more*, were it thought conſiſtent with the *Dignity and Deſigns* of the Ambaſſadors, to *permit* the common People to return to their Senſes.

But this, alas, is not to be expected, ſo long as Judgment and Underſtanding are ſo apparently oppoſite *to the Rights of the Church*.

The *Roman* Clergy are juſtified in keeping the Laity in Subjection and Ignorance, by a bold

bold Pretence to Infallibility: Whereas our Prieſts, equally bold, but leſs reaſonable, would make us Slaves and Blockheads, and yet *cannot give us a Reaſon for it.* It is confeſſed they have a certain hard Word, one *Orthodox*, which is their Friend at a pinch, and ſerves them on all Occaſions, for a ready Anſwer to every Objection. But this ſame Orthodox, tho' it *fully convinces many good Church-Men*, yet *hath loſt its original meaning*, and, for many Ages, ſignified either every Thing, or nothing. Indeed, when the Church hath her Hands *unbound*, *Orthodox* is a Word of high Importance, and conſtantly ſignifies the Pillory and Whipping-Poſt, and the Church that has theſe *reforming Engines* of its Side, is, *of courſe*, the *moſt Apoſtolical.*

This *Orthodox* has likewiſe been *compelled to mean* ſeveral *other Meanings*, upon ſeveral Occaſions. Sometimes it is an Altar, and ſometimes a Book of Canons; ſometimes a Convocation, and ſometimes a Mob; it is this Minute a Biſhop *in his Throne*, and the next, a Tithe-Pig. Now and then it is Slavery and unlimited Loyalty, and preſently it is Sedition and Rebellion, *without reſerve.* It is a Tyrant when a Maſter, and an Incendiary when a Servant, and either plotting Miſchief, or acting it. When it is a Doctor, it argues by ſtrong Hand, and, as ill as it likes the Bible, it would keep it all to it ſelf. When it is in Adverſity, it ſnatches up the firſt Remedy that comes to its Hand, lawful or unlawful; but to others in the ſame Circumſtances it recommends *Prayers and Tears*, eſpecially when they are to no purpoſe: If you give it all it asks, it will perhaps *ſeem* contented; but if you ſhew its hated Foe, *Moderation*, the leaſt Countenance, it will ſpit in your Face, and call you Son of a

Whore:

Whore: For, whatever Diſguiſe it appears in, it is very apt to be in a Paſſion, and call Names; nay, if its Hands are not tied, it will bite and ſcratch, and kick, and fling, and bounce and bellow, and knock down all that come near it, unleſs they ſwear a bloody Oath, *they are for the Church.*

But as uſeful as this *Orthodox* is to the Clergy, it will never juſtify them, in the Opinion of impartial Judges, for marking the beſt and moſt elevated Spirits with the Brand of Atheiſm, Virtue, Learning, and Humanity, will find Friends in ſpite of Orthodoxy, and many of the Laity will live in the Fear of God, let the Clergy take it ever ſo ill; and others will be Lovers of Truth and Mankind, at the hazard of being hated by the Church.

I muſt now have ſome Talk with my Friends, the Ambaſſadors, upon another Point, and that is their Claim of Divine Right to every Thing which they have a mind to call *theirs.*

It is certain the Monks acquired moſt of their Poſſeſſions by ſuch Means and Arts as would have been ſcandalous and diabolical, had they been practis'd by *Lay-Men.* But *Clerks only* have the ſacred Privilege of tricking and playing the Devil for the Proſperity of the Church. Now theſe Poſſeſſions of the Monks, tho' forfeited to the Crown by the Law, for having been fraudulently got, and unjuſtly kept, to maintain Lazineſs and Debauchery, are to this Hour claimed by our *preſent Monks*, as the undoubted Succeſſors of the *other* bald Vermin, *in Purity of Doctrine and of Manners.* Thus aiming in every Point to reſemble theſe their pious Predeceſſors, they would willingly hold their Lands by *Rogaery and Divine Right.*

The

The antient Monks were much more generous and reaſonable than the *preſent Set*; for they gave their Bubbles an *Equivalent* for their Wealth —— They would at any time Jockey away a ſmall Tenement in *Abraham*'s Boſom for a rich Manor in *England*; whereas our *modern Monks*, notwithſtanding their avowed Authority over their Maker, and his Dominions *above*, are ſo far from *dealing* like Chapmen, that, in Exchange for our Poſſeſſions, they do not ſo much as offer us a little *Bargain* in Paradiſe. If the *Propriety of that Ground be theirs*, they might at leaſt tender a *future* Cottage for a *preſent* Palace, and the rather, becauſe by Experience we know, that when we are at their Mercy, they allow us, *in this Life*, little elſe but Dungeons, Whips and Chains, and the *like Inducements* to reverence the Prieſthood, who, for the *Good of our Souls*, uſe our Bodies *bloody ill*. And it cannot be denied, when the *Ambaſſadors* are let looſe, they act as if they were, in Truth, *the Scourges of God, by Divine Right*.

Now, I their Apologiſt, do earneſtly perſwade the Ambaſſadors to drop this Claim. All the Laicks who read the Bible know there is nothing of it in that Book, and they do not ſee that the Clergy live in ſo good an Underſtanding and *Conformity* with their Maker, as to merit from him a Grant of all the Lands in *England* by *Word of Mouth*.

What they have by *human Right* let them keep, and make much of it; nay, (to pleaſe them) let them wrangle and go to Law about it as much and as often as they will —— But this is a Hint they do not want. A Parſon's Bull and his Grey Pad feed on Tithe-Hay and Corn, which is the Provender of theſe Brutes by *Di-*

vine

vine Right, and yet I never obſerved they grew fatter upon this *divine* Food than a *Lay-Bull and a Lay-Stone-Horſe*, or were leſs addicted to Carnality and Lewdneſs.

I ſhall ſay nothing here of the *Divine Right* which doubtleſs the Ambaſſadors have to *Pluralities and Non-Reſidence*: Only by the by, ſuppoſe the Earl of *Stairs* ſhould deſire his Majeſty to make him Ambaſſador to half a dozen Courts beſide that of *France*, and undertake to execute all theſe Employments by his *Footmen*, I fancy his Excellency would be roundly told, That Diſcharging an Ambaſſy by *a Curate* is ſuch a Solœciſm in Politicks as a *Lay-Miniſter* muſt not be guilty of.

I now proceed to another *Catholick* Topick, which is run into *prodigious* Luxuriancy and Irregularity; I mean the good *Art of Lying* for the Church. I do not intend to debar the *Ambaſſadors* from their moſt righteous and moſt antient Practice of martyring their Conſcience to their Caſſock, and venturing their precious Souls againſt the dangerous and fanatical Encroachments of their old Foe, *Truth*, which was never a Friend to the *Trade* of the Tippit. It is to be wiſhed, however, that their laudable Zeal for this venerable *Uſage* were a *little* limited; and therefore that it may not grow uſeleſs by being altogether boundleſs, *as it is at this Day*, I, *the Apologiſt* for the Church, prompted by pure Affection, will make bold to lay down *two Rules* to be obſerved by the *Ambaſſadors*, *who are Liars for the good of it*, as well as Sir *H. Wotton* was for the good of the State.

And Firſt, I implore them, as they love their *precious Livings*, not to *fib* out of the Bible. I know it is the hardeſt Thing in the World to break

break Men of *a long and ſtrong* Habit, particularly when they *much* delight in it; but I pray them to conſider that the Bible is the moſt aukward Creature under the Sun at fathering a Lie. You may eaſily know when *he* is quoted for a Falſehood, for if you ask him, he will deal uprightly with you, and tell you the naked Truth. It was a malicious Thing of our Anceſtors, and a great Blow upon the *Ambaſſadors*, to teach *this Foreigner* our Language; for ever ſince he has been *naturaliz'd* and taught *Engliſh*, he blabs out every Thing he knows.

Good Doctors, take Warning from the *wretched* Fate of a *Brother Doctor*, who in a furious Fit of Zeal to deſtroy his Country, and *ſave* the Church, took a Paſſage or two out of the Bible, that were not in it. Upon this ſome *unleavened Lay-Men*, who had a ſingular Affection for the Scripture, but were bitter Enemies to the Church, went and conſulted their *old Friend* the Bible, who told them frankly, and like a Neighbour, that this *Saviour* of the Church had *belied him*; and, after ſpending ſome Moments in Admiration of the Doctor's *want of Memory*, added, That *the Doctor and he had never been, in the leaſt, acquainted in all their Lives.*

A *ſore Stroke* this upon our *Ambaſſador*, but it did not reſt here. Theſe hard hearted Lay-Men, preferring the Reputation of an *obſolete Treatiſe* to that of a *modiſh Ambaſſador*, hung up the Story at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and then publiſh'd it to all the World. Which dreadful Uſage did ſo provoke the *meek Ambaſſador*, that from that Hour to this he could never endure Law, or Goſpel, or Truth, or good Manners; but, being now both diſtracted and harden'd to a degree, he ſwears and rails, and lies more or leſs

every Day in the Week, but *moſt terribly on Sundays.*

Behold the Damage which accrues to the Church from the aptneſs of the Bible to tell Tales!

This Boldneſs in us *Lay-Animals*, or, as a *great Church-Man* loves to call us, *The Beaſts of the People*, to *meddle* with Knowledge, and ſtudy the *Word of God*, is undoubtedly a ſhameful Inſult upon the *Ambaſſadors*, and a manifeſt Impropriation of their Rights and *Profits*. But there is no Help for it, the Laity will, *againſt all Reaſon*, be exerciſing their *Reaſon*, and judging in Things which, tho' *plain* and *neceſſary*, ought to remain a *profound Myſtery*. All this is the more intollerable, for that both the Prophets and Apoſtles give a very harſh and unkind Character of our *preſent Orthodox Clergy*. It is well for theſe *Calumniators* and *Low-Church-Men*, that they are dead.

Having now ſhewed the *Ambaſſadors* that it is by no Means ſafe, even when the Church is in the greateſt Danger, to lie for its Preſervation out of the *Holy Scriptures*, which are ever *backward* to *own* and vindicate the *Cauſe* of the *Caſſock*; I proceed to give them a Rule to lie by, when they fetch their Falſhoods out of their own Heads — And it is only this, *to Lie with Probability*. How many a glorious *Catholick Forgery* has been murther'd by making it too *Catholick*, that is, *too Monſtrous?* What Pity it is there ſhould be any Excels in Piety and *good Works!*

In the Time of the late Rebellion I din'd by Accident at a Gentleman's Houſe in the *Weſt*, who made no ſecret of his being a Jacobite, or, as he explain'd it, *a true Church-Man*. The *Parſon*, I found, was gone to the next Village to cater

cater for News, and, being impatiently expected by the Squire, arrived just as we were sitting down to Dinner. *Well*, Doctor, says his Worship, *What is the Word? Mar, Mar, Sir*, replied the Doctor, *What should it be?* Here all the Family chuckled, perceiving the *good Man* had got a Packet that pleas'd him. However, before he broach'd his *best News*, he let us know that King *George* (to whom he gave *another Name*) had got a Guard about him, consisting of *Five Thousand Turks, and Ten Thousand Presbyterian Parsons*. These *ill Tidings* made Madam sigh for the Church, and therefore the Doctor hasten'd to tell her *better*. *Come* Madam, says he, *hold up, Day dawns in the North, the brave* Mar *has Two Hundred Thousand* Highlanders *well arm'd and principled to serve your Ladyship and the Church; and Three Hundred and Fourscore great* French *Ships of War, were this Morning seen making towards* Portsmouth. The Lady thank'd God with an Ejaculation, and *his Ambassador* with a Glass of Sherry. He then proceeded to assure us, *That the Duke of* Argyle's *Army had deserted to a Man, and that his Grace himself was fled in a poor fishing Boat to* Greenland, or somewhere, *far away; that his Majesty had stole away from St.* James's, *and was not to be found high nor low; and that the Duke of* Marlborough *bit his Thumbs, and look'd as pale as Ashes*. This great News procured the *Ambassador* t'other Glass of Sherry, and Madam clapped t'other Custard upon his Place. He then assur'd us, of his own Knowledge, that the *Duke of* Berwick *had on some Occasion or other given the Earl of* Stairs *a terrible Box on the Ear, and order'd him to leave the Kingdom in three Hours, on pain of being put in the Stocks. A brave Man this Duke of* Berwick, says

a Booby at the Parſon's Elbow, the 'Squire's eldeſt Son. *Ay*, ſays the Parſon, and,

Here is to Berwick *the bold,*
And may his Grace live to grow old.

He went on in this Wantonneſs of Fancy, and lied and rhim'd beyond all Bounds. The 'Squire ſqueez'd him by the Hand, and put his Health round, and I ſaw nothing but Mirth and Gaiety. For my ſelf, I laugh'd with the reſt, and own'd the *Ambaſſador*'s News to be *wonderful ſtrange*. He was afterwards very Arch upon a brace of *Turks*, and a Garden of Turnips that he had planted in his Majeſty's Bed-Chamber. But as he was going on in his News and Calumny, and *juſt ſhipping off the Royal Family*, for whom he had provided a Lodging ſomewhere in *Holland*, an honeſt Gentleman came in with the printed Account of both the *Battle* of *Preſton*, and that of *Dumblain*; for, living far from a Poſt-Town, he had his Letters but once a Week. The *Ambaſſador* was inſtantly taken with an occaſion to make Water, and left both his News and his Cuſtard unfiniſhed. But I told the Gentleman the Wonders the Doctor had told *us*, and he ſhew'd us the monſtrous impoſſibility of them; which had ſo good an Effect, that tho' he continues his Trade to this Day, and Lies as *fervently* as ever, eſpecially from his *wooden Sanctuary*, yet the perverſe People *unbarrtably* refuſe to be any longer his Rogues and Zealots; whereas before this his unhappy Detection, he could let them a Railing and Swearing, and Mobbing, at his *Chriſtian Pleaſure*. It is true, *many of the good Women* are ſtill his Believers and *Conformiſts*; but this is aſcrib'd to *a Cauſe not quite ſo ſpiritual*.

Take

Take Warning, O *Reverend Ambaſſadors*, from the forlorn Miſcarriage of this your *blundering Brother*, who, tranſported with *Orthodox Zeal*, carried a *well-meaning Lye* beyond the Bounds of Likelihood, and has *thereby* utterly diſabled himſelf from ſerving the *Church* and *his Order*, as long as he lives — Better, oh better he had been a Bed that inauſpicious Day, tho' with *his Hand-maid*, as uſual.

Not ſo the artful and eloquent *Father Francis*, who holds forth a Lye, and weeps over a Lye, with a praiſe-worthy Cunning and Dexterity. He dreſſes up the pretty Puppit ſo amiably, all at the Coſt and Charges of *his own Fancy*, and laments over it ſo movingly, that there is not a dry Eye, nor a dry Handkerchief, in the whole Congregation. The Tears and Rage of his Hearers are equally in his Power; the whole Order would no doubt envy him, were he not, tho' greatly lewd, *an excellent Church-Man*.

He was once raiſing the Pity of his Hearers, for a *hopeful, unfortunate* young Gentleman, who, tho' born to *three great Eſtates*, was ſo ill us'd, and *perſecuted*, that he had not a Hovel to put his *Catholick Head* in. In ſhort, he deſcrib'd the poor Lad's Circumſtances ſo artfully, and lamented him ſo pathetically, that I thruſt my Hand into my Pocket, and, had *the Pretender* been within three Pews of me, I ſhould infallibly have reached him half a Crown; a larger Charity than I give to *every poor Body*. I perceived the ſame Sympathy and Commiſeration in the Looks of the whole Church.

On every 30th of *January*, how many *Butchers* does he ſend Home, calling for their *Cleavers*, to hew in Peices all the *Preſbyterian Demons*,

mons, that had a Hand in the *Slaughter* of the *Martyr!* For it is a ſtanding Maxim and *Reſolve* amongſt *the Ambaſſadors*, That all the Diſſenters, who ever lived, or ſhall live, to the end of the World, *muſt be the very individual Men that murthered King* Charles *the Firſt, with their own Hands*. Another Time he gave us a frightful Image and Deſcription of *Oliver Cromwell's Time*; but he threw ſo many *Modern Incidents* into the Character, that the whole Congregation *miſtook* him to mean the *preſent Reign*, and I, like a Booby, amongſt the reſt, was of the ſame Opinion; and he put me ſo out of Humour with the Court and the Miniſtry, that I ſnatched up my Hat and Cane, and went directly to *expoſtulate* with a *Secretary of State*, upon the *dreadful Doings* and *Miſmanagements* which *Friar* Francis had pointed at: I likewiſe intended to admoniſh the *Courtiers to be rul'd by the Clergy, if they expected to proſper*. But when I came to St. *James's*, I found that Things had quite *another Face there*, than when they came out of the Mouth of *Friar* Francis. So I kept my Buſineſs to my ſelf, and ſneak'd off, warned however to truſt no more to the Repreſentations of this *Reverend Father in Guile*.

Qu? was it Atterbury?

But, I hope, for the ſake of *the Ambaſſadors*, no Body elſe will take the ſame Pains to be unwaught *the Apoſtolical Forgeries*, which *their Excellencies* may find it *convenient* to broach from Time to Time—. Such a raſh Proceeding would utterly deſtroy the Credit of the Caſſock throughout this Land. But my *honourable Friends* know themſelves very ſafe in the *conformable Credulity* of their Hearers: And yet I muſt ſtill praiſe that wary *Doctor* moſt, who lies beſt, that is, like *Friar* Francis, *moſt artfully*. He well knows,

that

that *the pious Art of Falſhood* is the *only Engine* they have left to defend the Reputation of the *Crape*, and to wound that of their great *Rival for Power*, the GOVERNMENT. He therefore manages with Care and Art this *laſt Shift*.

I have already given a *Reaſon ſufficient*, why Oaths ought not to Hamſtring the *Ambaſſadors*, to which I will here add, in Defence of the *innocent Sin of Perjury*, that if *their* univerſal Cuſtom and Practice in all Ages, be of any Force, as ſometimes Cuſtom alone creates Law, then here is an Apology in a few Words, for ſuch *Genuine Clergy-men* as have *forſworn* to his preſent Majeſty for the Preſervation of their Cupboards and *Tithes, of which the Holy Church hath made them Overſeers*. It is not, therefore, without *valuable Conſiderations*, that the *conſcientious Prieſts* have reconcil'd themſelves to this *innocent Sin*, and made Perjury the *eaſieſt Task* under the Sun. Not but that the *conformable*, good Creatures can abſtain from it (as much as they are uſed to it) when there is *more got* by NON-JURING.

I knew the *Ambaſſador of a Pariſh* near the *Bath*, who had for many Years ſworn and pray'd with *conſtant Conformity*, and enjoy'd his *Living* and his *October*, without the leaſt Tumult in his Conſcience, till the beginning of the *late Rebellion*; but this ſame Conſcience of his (being ſomething of a *Time-Server*) no ſooner heard that the *Highlanders* were riſen, but *it* began to riſe too, and gave the *Doctor* ſeveral Hints, which he thought were *juſt* and *reaſonable*. In ſhort, *it* drew up a Remonſtrance to him, by which it appear'd, that if he did but handle the preſent Opportunity *well*, *he might bid fair to get ſomething, without loſing any thing*. The *Doctor*

was

was ready to follow the Advice of ſo *rational* a Conſcience, and ſo *pretended* to quit his Pariſh, becauſe, as he told his People in a doleful Diſcourſe at *parting*, he could not, *with any Conſcience, pray for a Prince who had no Right*, and ſo forth. Thus the *Doctor ſeem'd* to risk a ſmall Living for the good of his *poor* Soul, and a *Deanery*: And *only ſeem'd*, for, being as *cautious*, as he was *conſcientious*, he had his Church ſupplied with a *Deputy-Ambaſſador*, vulgarly call'd a *Curate*. However, the *Doctor* enjoy'd the Honour and Character of a *Confeſſor* for a few Weeks, and then the Defeats of *Mar* and *Forſter* gave him ſuch *convincing Proofs of his Majeſty's Right*, that his courteous *Conſcience*, the beſt natured *yielding* Thing alive, made him and Perjury *cordial Friends* once more. He took the Oaths, and kept his Pariſh, and prays now for the Government *with the ſame Sincerity as ever*.

Before I have done, I muſt have a little Chat with my Friends, the *Ambaſſadors*, upon the Head of *Politicks*; and I cannot but conceive they are ſomewhat too fickle and changing in their *Friendſhip* and *Enmity* to *Princes and States*: and Inconſtancy in Schemes, is an eſſential Error in *Stateſmen*.

The *Ambaſſadors* were, for ſome Time, exceeding fond of the late *French King*, who indeed took *prevailing Methods* to pleaſe them. In the firſt Place he exerted the *full Prerogative of a Monarch by Divine Right*, upon his *Lay-Subjects*, and treated them as *Slaves, born to breath but for* his *Pleaſure*. Secondly, He ſtrove gloriouſly, by Frauds and Violence, to deſtroy the moſt powerful and moſt *ugly Neſt of Republicans* in the World, dull *Dutch-men*, that will be for *Trade and Liberty of Conſcience*, let *our Clergy ſay what*

they

they will to the contrary—. Thirdly (O glorious Article!) He *exerciſed ſuch wholeſome Severities on Diſſenters*, that every *true Church-Man* ought to *worſhip* him to all Eternity. And yet, after all this complicated Merit, they withdrew *their Protection* from him, as ſoon as he grew Friends with *King William*. But he quickly merited their Smiles; for he bravely broke his Faith, and fell a murdering the D—d *Dutch* again: And during the whole Courſe of the War, they continued to grieve for his Loſſes, and to curſe the *Duke of* Marlborough for ſtopping the Courſe of *his moſt Chriſtian Cruelties*. But ſtill they grumbled at his Slowneſs in lending them a few *Ships* and *Troops* to do a certain *Job* which they had *much at Heart*, becauſe it would have hang'd the *ill-contriv'd Model* of our Laws and Religion, into a *Form more pleaſing to them*.

The *Regent* too was *honour'd* with their *good Graces*, while he was ſuſpected of aiding the *Rebellion for the Church*; but, now it appears he has no Spight againſt their Country and Conſtitution, they have taken up a mortal *one* at him.

Sweden was once the only Object of their Affection and their Prayers, whilſt its King was expected with a Fleet and Army to reſcue the *Church*, by *Fire, and Sword, and Popery*, from the Danger of a *Proteſtant Government*. But *Sweden* failed them, and preſently

The *Czar of* Muſcovy got into their Favour, and it was ſtrongly hop'd, that that *meek Monarch* would ſet Fire to the Nation, and help the *Church*; and, tho' he baulk'd them, the *Ambaſſadors* are ſtill fond of him, he having, by *his Humanity to his Son, and ſeveral others*, ſhewn that he *knows the uſe of wholeſome Severities*; beſides, 'tis thought he has *no Good-Will for* England.

The *Turk* was at one Time a *very popular Church-Man*, for he was at War with the Chriſtians, and *therefore* — great Things were expected from him by the *Ambaſſadors*, for *the Proſperity of the Church*: But *Prince* Eugene, who is *not a good Church-Man*, drove *their Mahometan Friend* back to his *Whore-Houſe* again —

Even the *Emperor* himſelf, when it was reported he had given his Siſter to the *Pretender*, was *honour'd* with the *Character of a Well-wiſher to the Church of* England; but *that Lye not proving true*, his *Imperial Majeſty* loſt Ground amongſt the *Ambaſſadors*, and is at preſent in ſuch Diſgrace with them, that nothing, but *his going to Maſs*, makes them keep Meaſures with him.

The *Dutch* were ever the Objects of their Indignation, and utter Averſion, but at this preſent Time, even *theſe Republicans, and No-Chriſtians*, by their *Slowneſs in ſigning the Quadruple-Alliance*, have won the Hearts of *our Ambaſſadors*, and the *Hogan Mogans* have *now* the good Fortune to be deem'd *judicious and moderate Schiſmaticks*; but I am in great Dread, that they will *very ſhortly* anger the *Church* again.

But *Parſon* Alberoni, *my Client*, is, *of all the Potentates* in *Europe*, *the Pope himſelf not* excepted, their *preſent Favourite and Darling*, as I, tho' unworthy, expect ſoon to be, for penning this *unanſwerable Encomium* upon *Him and Them*.

Their Love of this Potent, *High-Church-Man*, who, like another *Cardinal Laud*, leads his *Pupil* by the Noſe, and the Purſe-Strings, can proceed from nothing but their Fondneſs for *Works of Charity*, to which, it ſeems, my *Client* ſhews a ſtrong Inclination, particularly, *in* an *Inſtance or two that cannot but pleaſe the Church*.

We

We all know there are ſeveral worthy *Engliſh Gentlemen*, *the good Friends of our Ambaſſadors*, and *loyal Sufferers for the Church*, who live like Vagrants in *Italy*, and are *fed with Crumbs from the Pope's Table*. Now the *loving Cardinal* has, in his *Royal Bounty*, invited theſe *pious Proteſtants* into *his Kingdom*, offering them a Morſel, and a Bed, tho' it is fear'd the preſent *Parliament* hath taken ſuch *uncatholick Reſolutions* as may put the *Cardinal's Majeſty* out of humour, and *tempt him to change his Mind*.

Sir *George Bing* too is never to be forgiven by any Man who wiſhes well to the *Church* and *Uniformity*, for creating ſuch a *dangerous Schiſm* in the *Cardinal's Fleet*, who were too *Orthodox Catholicks* to digeſt the *dreadful Hereſy* of *Proteſtant* Powder and Ball.

It was rude in Sir *George* to break the Heads of ſo many *civil Spaniards*, who were Men of *peaceable Behaviour*, and *no-wiſe addicted to Fighting*. It is true they *afterwards* behav'd themſelves like *Hero's*, when they *refought* the *Engliſh* in the *Marquis de Beretti Landi's Paper*, where his Excellency has made them ſhew the true *Spaniſh Bravery*, by beating Sir *George* bravely, and running away from him bloodily. And it is plain to all the World, that they ſhewed, by a *bold Flight*, they ſcorn'd to die to pleaſe that *mercileſs Heretick*.

I could add many Particulars to illuſtrate the Worth of my *eminent Client*, *Parſon* Alberoni, whoſe great Capacity *to rule his Maſter* is viſible to Mankind. I could likewiſe inſiſt that he has as good a Right as *any other Prieſt or Vicar* whatſoever, to *act as becomes his Order*, by nouriſhing War and Deſolation.

But

But I will wave the Detail of theſe Points, tho' there is a *great deal* in them, having a *grand Thing* to urge in his Behalf, which renders him ſingularly Dear *to all true Church-Men* —— Reader, *a Word in your Ear*; Parſon *Alberoni* intends, if King *George* would but let him, to *reſtore*—— and *the Church-Lands*.

O Sanctum, feſtumq; diem! ——

Having left this *important* Whiſper upon the Reader's Memory, I ſhall ſay no more.

N. B. Not one of the *numerous* Anſwers which will be made to this *Apology*, will be worth reading. But, at the *earneſt* Requeſt of my *Bookſeller*, I deſign to write and publiſh a *Reply to my ſelf*, which I deſire every Body to buy.

FINIS.